

## MOTHER CAME TO KISS ME.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

In the many recollections that lie scattered through the years  
Are some that I smile and some that make me weep.  
But the dear old one, the dearest one, be-  
dewed with smiles and tears,  
Is when mother came to kiss me before  
I went to sleep.  
When I lay awake and listened in the  
slowly deepening gloom  
Until I heard her footstep come softly  
up the stair  
When the knowledge of her presence  
seemed to light the somber room,  
And the very thought of mother—was  
in itself a prayer.  
The cool, white hands that lingered, the  
loving finger-tips  
That in the darkness found me, and  
rested on my brow.  
The starry eyes that sought me, and then  
her dewy lips  
That clung to mine so purely—I seem  
to feel them now.  
"Our Father"—"Now I lay me"—and  
"Hallowed be Thy name."  
These words are as a mockery, an echo  
from the dead.  
Yet they sounded so familiar in the days  
when mother came  
Through the shadows, like an angel, to  
stand beside my bed.  
Peculiar! Ay! Peculiar, thus the voice of  
conscience rings  
As an echo's sound is wafted o'er the  
bosom of the deep.  
Yet somewhere, in the after days, a  
waiting siren sings  
Of Death, who comes to kiss us before  
we go to sleep.  
Still in my soul is living what fate can  
ne'er destroy;  
A light from out the days gone by that  
sorrow cannot dim,  
When love holds up in fancy's guise a  
perfect cup of joy.  
Where beaded memories gather, all  
smiling, at the rim.  
I drink to happy moments that never fade  
away  
Which blossoming in my heart of hearts,  
their fragrance always keep.  
Dear God! when in my innocence, a little  
boy I lay  
And mother came to kiss me before I  
went to sleep.

## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

### CHAPTER V.

MR. MORDLE MAKES A RASH PROMISE.

The next morning the Talberts did an unusual thing; they broke one of the rules by opening their letters before breakfast. They had a time and a place for everything, and their time for reading their correspondence was with their second cups of tea. But so anxious were they to see if their letters contained anything explanatory of last night's occurrence that the seals were broken at once. They found a couple of invitations to dinner, receipts for payments made two posts ago, the usual amount of circulars, tradesmen's lists and appeals for charity; but not a word about the child.

Presently Miss Clauson made her appearance with the child on her arm. She had washed him and dressed him, combed his hair into a wavy mass of burnished gold, and so brought him to the breakfast table fresh and sweet as a rose in June. She placed him on a chair beside her, by the aid of sundry cushions raising him up to a proper level. Having adjusted him to her satisfaction she ordered bread and milk to be prepared.

Being anxious to see him by daylight the Talberts screwed their eyeslids in place, and once more minutely inspected their sturdy little visitor. Even Uncle Horace nodded approval of his bonny looks and fearless bearing, while Herbert joined Beatrice in petting him. Beatrice having ascertained that no news had arrived, said nothing that bore upon her startling suggestion of last night. Perhaps she saw that the bright saucy child interested and amused her uncles; so, with the diplomatic gifts peculiar to her sex, judged it better to let the matter rest for a while. As soon as breakfast was over, she led the child away, and spent the remainder of the day playing with and petting him to her heart's content. It really seemed as if Miss Clauson had found a new interest in life.

This morning she threw books, music painting, everything aside, and played with her new toy. It was Saturday. The "Fables," who invariably went shopping together, were bound to Black town to buy groceries. Before starting, Herbert found his way to "entrance and asked her if she had any commissions to be executed in the city. He discovered her with flushed face and rumpled hair, romping with the child. He watched them with amusement; then, going upstairs, found after a search in one of the attics some antiquated, battered toys, which five and thirty years ago had been dear to Horace and himself. He carried them down-stairs, and Beatrice thanked him for the kindly thought and act.

When, in a few hours' time, the brothers drove back with a wagonette full of tea, coffee, sugar, yellow soap, house flannel, bath stone, emery paper, or whatever else was needful to make the wheels of household management run smoothly, they found Beatrice still engrossed by her charge. They did not say much to her. Saturday was too busy a day to think of anything save the affairs of the house, and as many precious minutes had been wasted making inquiries at Blacktown station the brothers were hardly pressed for time—so hardly pressed that when, about four o'clock, the curate called, they sent their apologies by Whittaker, and left their visitor to be entertained by Miss Clauson.

This afternoon Mr. Mordle felt the Talberts' excuses no slight to himself. He begged the brothers might not be disturbed. He was quite content that Miss Clauson should entertain him in-toto as long as possible. He inquired if any news had arrived about the missing mother, then, turning his attention to the child, went through a variety of those little actions which grown-up people, rightly or wrongly, suppose ingratiating children. He complimented her on her rapid conquest of his affections, a compliment in which Miss Clauson might have found a deep-

er meaning lurking. Had she cared to look for it. He would have called much earlier to learn what had transpired, but had been compelled to attend a funeral several miles off. He alluded to the melancholy reason for his delay with as much cheerfulness as many people mention a wedding.

"And where are your uncles?" he asked.

"In the housekeeper's room," answered Beatrice demurely.

"Busy, of course—Saturday. Bad day to call. What are they about now?"

As he jerked out his short sentences, Beatrice glanced at him and saw his eyes twinkling. She could not help smiling.

"Well—what is it?"

The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter. The curate once more repeated his question.

"h. Mr. Mordle," said Beatrice, "they are doing the clothes!"

"Quite right; some one must do them. Now I wonder," he continued in a more reflective way than usual, "I wonder if they took them out for the wash on Mondays."

"Oh, no; not so bad as that. But did you ever know anything so funny?"

"Took you by surprise, of course," said the curate briskly.

"Yes. I had heard something about it, but the reality overwhelmed me. Uncle Horace doing wool-work was my first experience. The next morning I found Uncle Herbert doing out stores to the cook. And to see them manage the house better than any woman."

"Delightful! I could tell you some very amusing things, Miss Clauson."

"Please don't. They are so kind and amiable I can't bear to laugh at them."

"They are kind. I love them dearly. What my poor people would do without them I can't think. If they leave you enough to do, you're certain to be happy here."

"But I have not enough to do," she said, her hand the while caressing the boy's golden head. "Mr. Mordle, I wish you would help me in something."

"Anything—everything—command me," said the curate in his quickest, most docile way.

"I have taken such a fancy to this dear little man, that, supposing his people do not reveal themselves, I want to persuade my uncles to let me keep him. I could be so happy with him here."

"She kissed and fondled the boy."

Now that he saw whither his rash promise was to lead him, Mr. Mordle paused and hesitated. "I am sure Uncle Herbert wouldn't mind," added Beatrice.

"Mr. Talbert would never consent," said Mr. Mordle.

"What harm would it do?" asked Beatrice.

The Rev. Sylvanus was silent. He did not like to tell the girl that the retention at Hazlewood House of this seriously sick child might create scandal.

"Will you help me, will you not?" pleaded Beatrice. The look in her eyes turned Sylvanus's heart into wax.

So with the weakness of male humanity when thus assailed, he promised to do what he could to insure her wish being carried out. By and by he took his leave of her in that happy frame of mind peculiar to the man who has laid a lovely woman under an obligation.

### CHAPTER VI.

BEATRICE TRIUMPHS.

Miss Clauson carried her point. Her success was due to a curious combination of events, as well as to her own persistence and eloquent pleading. She managed to get Uncle Herbert alone—a difficult matter, as the "fables" were almost always together—and, after sundry arguments and entreaties, if unable to win his consent to her proposed arrangement, exacted a promise from him that he would not object if Horace approved of her keeping the boy. To be sure he had not the faintest idea that Horace would consent.

Mr. Mordle, the adviser of the family, and Herbert Talbert thus brought on her side or rendered neutral, Horace remained the arbiter of the boy's fate, and Miss Clauson directed her energies toward making him yield.

They tactfully left his fate in abeyance for more than a week; then Beatrice, who perhaps trembled lest some childish act of mischief might defeat her ends, and who thought that the boy had done well his part in the affair by making himself so easily tolerated, attacked her uncles once more. True to his promise, Herbert said his brother must decide the matter.

"Do you want the child to stay?" asked Horace, turning to the speaker.

"I told Beatrice you should decide."

This answer assured Horace that Herbert knew all that was to be known.

"The thing is quite impracticable," he said, "the child is dear and impracticable."

Her mouth quivered. It was clear she had set her heart on keeping her new pet.

"Why is it impracticable? What difference can a child make in a house like this? He will be my sole care."

On he Horace looked uneasy. "My dear, you forget it may give rise to scandal."

"Scandal! what scandal?"

Horace grew red. One can't talk plainly to young innocent girls without feeling how bad mankind in general is.

"Hum—ha," he said. "You must remember, Beatrice, we are two single men; not elderly men. As soon as it is known that we have kept the child sent here so strangely, we give a handle to suspicion and scandal. Do you agree with me, Herbert?"

"I am afraid it will be so, Beatrice," said Herbert, regretfully.

Miss Clauson drew herself up proudly. It was an action the Talberts always liked to see in the girl, and which had great effect on them.

"Surely," she said, "you of all people are above suspicion and scandal."

As this great truth came home to him Horace seemed to purr with pleasure. But he had no intention of yielding. He was for one thing much annoyed with Herbert.

"Herbert evidently wanted the boy to stay. If so he should say so outright, not let Beatrice fight his battles. So the most Beatrice could get him to promise was that the boy might remain a few days longer."

In those few days something happened. First of all, a piece of gossip went round the neighborhood and eventually reached the ears of those who were gossiped about—the Talberts. They heard that they were harboring Lord Hadwyn's eldest son, whose mysteri-

ous disappearance had been reported in the papers. Lord Hadwyn was an utter reprobate and it was well known that his niece had fled with a scoundrel child out of his way. Lady Hadwyn was an acquaintance of the Talberts; so that even Horace was for a moment staggered when he heard the theory propounded by his neighbors. Then some kind creature wrote to the bereft husband, and his lordship rushed down to Oakbury fierce as a consuming flame—a flame which resolved itself into smoke when he was shown the boy, and found him nothing like his missing son. After this, gossip should have died a natural death, but it did not. People who are determined to swallow a monstrous tale will lick it into the shape they can deal with best. In spite of the Talberts' strenuous denials and plain statement as to how the child was thrown upon their hands, everybody would have it that if not Lord Hadwyn's son he was some one else's—meaning some one, a nobleman's probably, whose wife had, for private reasons of her own, intrusted him to the Talberts.

Even the reputation of being a harbor of refuge for a duchess or countess in her distress is a flattering thing; and the Talberts, especially Horace, felt pleased while laughing at the absurd idea. Perhaps it was for this reason that Horace at last yielded to his niece's solicitations and astonished her one day by saying:

"Beatrice, if you really mean to keep that child for a while, we will engage a nurse for it."

She said nothing, but gave Uncle Horace a most grateful kiss. She must have grown wondrously fond of the baby, as her eyes were full of glad tears.

That afternoon she drove into Blacktown and rigged the child out from head to foot in new and dainty raiment; nothing was too good for him. Horace and Herbert, who knew the price of lace, lawns and cambrics to a penny a yard, wondered how far her whim was going to carry her. Perhaps they felt rather aggrieved that their aid had not been asked. They dearly loved a little shopping, and could have chosen a trousseau or a layette with any woman under the sun.

But the affair of the nurse maid was peculiarly their own. If the Talberts had one gift of housewifery above another, it was their skill in engaging suitable servants. At last, after a number of interviews with candidates, they found a nurse-girl who came up to the standard of their requirements. One who had no followers, and one who made no objection to wearing a cap—moreover, the cap of the pattern they had themselves designed. A member of the church of England, of course, who promised to communicate every two months, and to be contented with Horset butter during the winter.

So the mysterious child was as good as adopted at Hazlewood House.

A serious question arose as to whether the infant had ever been christened. Miss Clauson felt sure it had been. The child came to them too well dressed to suppose such an important rite had been omitted. The Rev. Sylvanus, who was known to be d'gracefully lax about such matters, did not urge that assurance should be made doubly so, so no baptismal ceremony took place. After some consultation it was decided that the boy should be known as Enry.

"Enry," said Uncle Horace, "is a safe name; thoroughly adaptable to any station in life."

So Enry it was. The surname they left in abeyance, trusting that time or chance might some day reveal it.

Every article of clothing worn by the child on its arrival was folded up in a bundle with the direction card, placed in the big safe. They might hereafter be needed for the purpose of identification.

So Beatrice Clauson was confirmed in the possession of her toy—her toy! In a month's time little Enry was every one's toy. The Talberts themselves were ashamed to say how glad they were that Beatrice's whim had been carried out, but it was currently reported and shortly afterward, when the boy was suffering from some transient childish ailment, the two tall brothers were seen intently poring over that interesting work Dr. Bull's "Hints to Mothers." But this, I believe was scandal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### United Over a Daughter's Grave.

About fifteen years ago a father and mother separated over a quarrel about some trivial matter. The mother left with her child, then a girl of about 10 years, for the west, where she resided with relatives, who sent her child to school in a little town not far from St. Louis. About five years ago the mother's heart was almost broken by the news that her daughter had eloped from the school with a young man who had formerly resided in this city. The mother came to this city in the hopes of finding her child and remained here with relatives. About three weeks ago a letter was forwarded to her from the home in the west, and she found it was from her daughter's husband asking her to come to St. Louis immediately if she wished to see her daughter alive. She at once replied to the home of her daughter in South St. Louis and remained by her bedside constantly until the daughter died last week. At the newly made grave in the cemetery knelt three persons. Two had apparently passed the fiftieth milestone of life, while the other, a young man of about 28 years, was praying in a low tone. The two elders, a man and woman, responded with a sobbing "amen" at intervals, and the sight was touching. The young man, the husband of the dead, allowed his voice to die away almost to a whisper as he uttered the concluding words of the prayer: "May her bright soul rest in eternal peace." The two elders looked up and into each other's eyes. They gazed on each other for a few moments without speaking a word. "Arthur," said the woman hesitatingly, as she made an impulsive movement toward the man. The "Annie" he spoke was smothered in the woman's tresses. Husband and wife, father and mother, were united over the grave of their child after years of separation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Floods, earthquakes, epidemics and accidents have caused a million deaths in China during the last six months. Perhaps the Chinese immigration problem is to be solved in this way.

## HOW HE FOUGHT INDIANS.

The Romance and the Reality of Scalp-Lifting.

A Search of the Army Lists Would Explain a Good Many of These Cases of Mysterious Disappearances—Too Much Dime Novel Causes Many a Young Man to Run Away and Enlist.

He was a young man—scarcely more than 27 years of age—but he had a fund of reminiscences that would have done credit to an older settler. He had before him a little of the fluid that has the reputation of cheering, and he was looking over a copy of the *Tribune*. Presently something among the small advertisements caught his eye. He scanned it closely, and then, handing the paper to the reporter, said:

"There is something that reminds me of the time I left home to go knocking about the world."

It was just a little advertisement asking for information as to the whereabouts of—, who had mysteriously disappeared.

"A number of years ago," he continued, "I was described in an advertisement similar to that one, and my relatives searched for me everywhere, except in the right place. Perhaps if the advertiser in this instance knew where to look some trace of the missing one might be found. Of course this is only a surmise, because there are really many mysterious disappearances that cannot be explained in the way I refer to; but I happen to know that a good many others can be."

"To what do you refer?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I think that if the records of enlistment for the United States army were examined a good many of these disappearances could be cleared up. I know mine could have been and it was about as strange a one as any of them. I just walked out of the house one morning without saying a word to anybody and I never came back—at least not for a good many years. The main trouble with me was a rush of dime novels to the head. I had read any number of these, and when, finally, a friend of mine was killed in an Indian fight I made up my mind that no less than a dozen Indian scalps would satisfy my thirst for gore. But how to get to the front was the great question. I finally solved it by enlisting in the United States cavalry. I had no great time to swell around in my uniform, but was sent at once to the frontier. I reached Bismarck, D. T., one dark, cold, rainy night, and with a number of other recruits, was rushed aboard a Missouri river steamboat. I will never forget that night. We were driven like a herd of cattle over a muddy, slimy bank that we had to slide down as best we could to get to the boat. When we got down we were hustled on to the hurricane deck, and there we lay without anything to shelter us from the cold and the rain. All the romance and revenge were taken out of me. I wasn't looking for any Indian scalps, but I was sighing for the nice, warm bed I had left. And somehow it did seem to me as though I never had read in any of my novels about any such experience; everything had been about killing Indians and nothing about cold and rain."

"But I managed to live through it all, and after fifteen days of travel arrived at Fort Buford, only to find that I had some 560 miles to march to reach Fort Custer. It took us three months to make the trip, for it was winter, you know, and the thermometer was way below zero. We buried three men on the trip, and often never got into camp until 9 or 10 o'clock at night, and then had to hustle for wood in a blinding snow storm. The number of Indians I had set out to kill had gradually decreased until I was willing to go home without a single scalp; but I couldn't."

"We arrived at Fort Custer, M. T., one morning in December, and took up the regular routine of a soldier's life. It was not sport either. At that time of the year it consisted of chopping wood and cutting ice, with twenty-four hours' guard duty once a week, as a sort of variation. I hadn't read anything about this in my novels and it discouraged me more than I can tell."

"But at last the long expected event came. We were booked for an Indian fight, as the redskins were reported raiding the settlers. I will confess candidly that when the time came and the bugle sounded 'hoor and saddle' I was not so anxious for an Indian fight as I had been when in the states. But we had to go. Our company was made up mostly of recruits, and we didn't like the idea of turning out in the middle of the night to scour the country for Indians. We were all after scalps, but we preferred to take them in daylight when we could see the Indians. But Uncle Sam doesn't run his army to suit youthful scalp-hunters—I trust some of your readers will bear this in mind—so we had to go."

"Well, forty-five men strong, with six Indian scouts, one guide, eight packers, and twenty pack mules laden with ten days' rations, we started, and the first day traveled forty-five miles without rest. Each man was armed with a rifle and a revolver, and with our overcoats and blankets, it made a load that was not particularly comfortable for such a ride. A man can't realize the weight and bother of these accoutrements until he has tried such a ride. And, do you know, my novels had never pictured such an affair. They had always told about the man riding bareback, with nothing but his saddle and gun. They hadn't said anything about fifty rounds of ammunition around his waist jumping up and down so that they chafed his hips raw. Everything was glory there, but this reality—and it was almighty stern reality—was all hardship and no glory. However, the second day our scouts found a cattle ranch, and on approaching were greeted with a volley of bullets. But they threw up the butts of their guns (a sign that they were

friendly). The settlers would not believe in their friendliness, though, until they saw the soldiers coming up behind them. Then they threw open their cabins, and told us of an Indian raid. Five dead horses outside of the cabin confirmed their story and we immediately started in pursuit. We went into camp that night on the ground where, the old timers said, the Indians had been the night before. On the strength of that information we recruits didn't sleep well—at least I didn't."

"The next morning the Indian scouts were sent out to hunt up the trail of the hostiles, while we anxiously awaited results. We didn't have to wait long, for in a short time after they had left we heard firing in the direction they had gone. Of course we had made up our minds that they had come upon the hostiles unexpectedly, and in a moment we were in the saddle. We prepared for action as we rode, dropping our blankets, overcoats, and in fact everything except our arms and ammunition."

"As we neared the first bluff we heard a yell and from behind it came a lot of Indians arrayed in their war paint. I didn't stop to count them, but I was satisfied that there were more scalps there than I really cared for. You see, it just began to dawn on me that I hadn't lost any Indians and consequently had no object in hunting for any. In other words, I was frightened, the cold perspiration started out all over me, and in the next few seconds I did a wonderful lot of thinking—not about the glories of Indian fighting, either."

"We grasped our six shooter and dashed for them, but we didn't fire. It is a wonder that we didn't, excited as we were, but our captain managed to restrain us. He discovered just in time that they were our scouts returning. The mistake arose from the fact that they had thrown aside the clothes they wore when they left camp and were riding in true Indian style, nearly naked."

"And the firing—the story teller chuckled—the firing was done by these seven Indian scouts, who had caught one poor Sioux in bathing. They had fairly riddled him with bullets and then cut his scalp into seven pieces. That night they had a war dance over it, and that was not the worst of it either. That affair actually went down on the records of the war department as an Indian fight, and I know men who got red ink on the back of their discharges for being in it. What is red ink? Why, the engagements a man has been in are put on the back of his discharge in red ink. And Uncle Sam recorded the killing of that poor Indian as an engagement. Funny, isn't it?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

### A Matter of Business.

Judge.—"It appears from the evidence that you swindled this man out of twenty-three dollars and thirty cents."

Prisoner.—"I admit it, your honor, but I beg to call your honor's attention to the fact that it was simply in the way of business."

"In the way of business?"

"Yes, your honor. We have formed a swindling trust."

"A swindling trust?"

"Yes, your honor. I will explain it to you. Formerly we used to swindle a man out of \$500. Now we swindle ten men out of fifty dollars apiece. Our profits are the same, but we relieve the individual and distribute the burden, putting it lightly upon the shoulders of ten instead of heavily upon one."

"I perceive."

"So you see, by forming a 'swindling trust' we are really benefactors of our fellow man; the many come to the rescue of the one. It is harder work with us, to find ten men with fifty dollars than one with five hundred, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have put the burden of one upon the many. Moreover, we have broken up all other combinations of swindlers and the community is safe from every one excepting ourselves. I therefore ask your honor to look upon the matter in a business light. We are a trust and as such we look not for interference, but protection from the law."

"Of course if you call yourselves a trust—"

"We are, your honor."

"Organized for the benefit—"

"Of the individual, your honor."

"Yes, and as you are the individual and the society the many—six months in the House of Correction. Mr. Clerk call the next case."—*Boston Courier*.

### The Spooks Triumphant.

Brave Stranger.—"What is the rent of that handsome residence?"

Honest Agent.—"It is for rent for a song to any one who will take it. The house is haunted."

"Pooh. I'm not afraid of spooks."

"No tenant has stayed here over one night since a murder was committed in it. They say the raked raised by the spirits is fearful, howls fill the air, chains rattle, dreadful specters flit about—"

"They can't scare me."

"But tenants complain that the furniture is knocked about and broken."

"I'll risk it."

"And the piano is played by unseen hands."

"Whose hands?"

"The hands of the woman who was killed. They recognize her by the fact that the tones were her favorite show pieces, 'Maiden's Prayer,' 'Silvery Waves' and 'Boulevard March.'"

"I ain't afraid, but show me some other house."—*Omaha World*.

### The Ruling Passion.

Defunct Jerseymen (to Charon, this side of the Styx).—"What's the fare to heaven?"

Charon.—"Two bits."

Jerseymen.—"And to the other place?"

Charon.—"O, we take you there free."

Jerseymen.—"Be that so? Let her go down stream, then."—*Philadelphia Call*.

## 5000 Reward.

If you suffer from dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; and there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hiccups or coughing to clear the throat, expectation of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and hoarse; a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; experience a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough, and general debility, then you are suffering from chronic nasal catarrh. Only a few of the above named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case at one time, or in one stage of the disease. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive or dangerous, less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The medicine is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

Justice Field Field disposed of 341 divorce cases in Boston in a single day last week.

"Golden at morning, silver at noon and lead at night" is the old saying about eating oranges. But there is something that is rightly named Golden, and can be taken with benefit at any hour of the day. This is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, literally worth its weight in gold to anyone suffering from scrofulous affections, impurities of the blood, or diseases of the liver and lungs. It is unfailing. By druggists.

Dr. Charles Gross of Troy, New York, has accepted the chair of history at Harvard. He is now in London.

Beautiful woman, from whence came thy bloom?

They beautiful eye, thy features fair! What kindly hand on thy cheek lay— Endowing thee with beauty rare!

"'Twas not ever thus," the dame replied, "Once pale this face, these features bold, The 'Favorite Prescription' of Dr. Pierce Wrought the wonderful change which you behold."

Austin Corbin has gone to Europe.

## Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged

NERVOUS PROSTRATION, NERVOUS HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, STOMACH AND LIVER DISEASES, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE KIDNEYS.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiet the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERNATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, It regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price 50c. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

## B. B. B.

(Botanic Blood Balm.) The Great Blood Pur